

NEW YORK HERALD

BROADWAY AND ANN STREET.

JAMES GORDON BENNETT,
PROPRIETOR.

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VOLUME XL.....NO. 107

AMUSEMENTS THIS AFTERNOON AND EVENING.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Eleventh avenue and Twenty-third street.—AHMED, at 8 P. M.; at 10:30 P. M. Matinee at 2 P. M.

BOOTH'S THEATRE.
Corner of Twenty-third street and Sixth avenue.—HENRY V. at 8 P. M.; at 10:30 P. M. Matinee at 1:30 P. M.

LYCEUM THEATRE.
Fourth street and Sixth avenue.—LA JOLIE PARFUMEE, at 8 P. M.; at 10:30 P. M. Matinee at 1:30 P. M.

SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS.
Broadway, corner of Twenty-third street.—NEGRO MINSTRELS, at 8 P. M.; at 10:30 P. M. Matinee at 1:30 P. M.

BROOKLYN ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
LA JOLIE PARFUMEE, at 8 P. M.; at 10:30 P. M. Matinee at 1:30 P. M.

TIVOLI THEATRE.
Fifth street between Second and Third avenues.—VARIETY, at 8 P. M.; at 10:30 P. M. Matinee at 1:30 P. M.

MRS. CONWAY'S BROOKLYN THEATRE.
THE TWO ORPHANS, at 8 P. M.; at 10:30 P. M. Matinee at 1:30 P. M.

WALLACK'S THEATRE.
Broadway.—ROMANCE OF A POOR YOUNG MAN, at 8 P. M.; at 10:30 P. M. Matinee at 1:30 P. M.

COLISEUM.
Broadway and Thirty-fourth street.—PARIS BY NIGHT, at 8 P. M.; at 10:30 P. M. Matinee at 1:30 P. M.

BOVEY OPERA HOUSE.
No. 211 BOWERY.—VARIETY, at 8 P. M.; at 10:30 P. M. Matinee at 1:30 P. M.

WOOD'S MUSEUM.
Broadway, corner of Third street.—ACROSS THE CONTINENT, at 8 P. M.; at 10:30 P. M. Matinee at 1:30 P. M.

THEATRE COMIQUE.
No. 414 Broadway.—VARIETY, at 8 P. M.; at 10:30 P. M. Matinee at 1:30 P. M.

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART.
West Fourth street.—Open from 10 A. M. to 5 P. M.

BROOKLYN PARK THEATRE.
Fulton avenue.—VARIETY, at 8 P. M.; at 10:30 P. M. Matinee at 1:30 P. M.

ROBINSON HALL.
Sixteenth street near Broadway.—HIBERNICAN, at 8 P. M.; at 10:30 P. M. Matinee at 1:30 P. M.

GERMAN THEATRE.
Fourth street.—ADOLPH, at 8 P. M.; at 10:30 P. M. Matinee at 1:30 P. M.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.
No. 64 Broadway.—VARIETY, at 8 P. M.; at 10:30 P. M. Matinee at 1:30 P. M.

FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE.
Twenty-eighth street and Broadway.—THE BIG BO, at 8 P. M.; at 10:30 P. M. Matinee at 1:30 P. M.

STRAW HALL.
Fourth street.—CONCERN, at 8 P. M.; at 10:30 P. M. Matinee at 1:30 P. M.

PAKE THEATRE.
Broadway.—DATTY CROCKETT, at 8 P. M.; at 10:30 P. M. Matinee at 1:30 P. M.

BOVEY THEATRE.
BOWERY.—AROUND THE WORLD IN EIGHTY DAYS, at 8 P. M.; at 10:30 P. M. Matinee at 1:30 P. M.

TRIPLE SHEET.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 17, 1875.

From our reports this morning the probabilities are that the weather to-day will be clear and cool.

WALL STREET YESTERDAY.—No new features were developed in the stock market, prices being still unsettled. Gold was steady at 115½, money easy on call at 2 and 2½ per cent, and foreign exchange firm at recent rates.

MR. BECHER'S ADDRESS at Plymouth prayer meeting last evening was cheerful, picturesque and hopeful. All things considered, this is an enviable frame of mind.

WE HAVE the same old story from Cuba—plantations destroyed, regular troops massacring the rebels, the Spaniards preparing for new campaigns. Surely, no country was ever so miserably governed. If this is Spanish rule in America the sooner it ends the better for our civilization.

THE ENGLISH NEWSPAPERS float the rumor that Mr. Disraeli is in bad health, that labor distresses him, that his Cabinet is the prey of factions and that he will be compelled to resign. Mr. Disraeli is an old man, and among his Ministers is Lord Salisbury. So neither of these rumors is improbable.

LONDON AND BERLIN seem to have fallen under a strange religious influence. Crowded revival meetings are held every day, and at one of them, where Mr. Moody preached, there was great enthusiasm. Mr. Smith seems to be doing good work in Berlin. It is odd that the conversion of London should be the inspiration of an American clergyman.

THE VINELAND AFFAIR.—We print an important despatch from Vineland in reference to the recent shooting of Caruth by Landis. The belief as well as the hope is that Caruth will recover, although he is still in a precarious state. In the meantime Landis remains in prison to await the result of the wounds.

MOISTURE AND BROKEN LEGS.—There is no great mystery in the case of the policeman who died in unusual circumstances on Thursday. His death was due directly to the condition of his brain—a condition analogous to that found in the familiar malady of apoplexy; but what it was that put his brain in that condition is not so evident. It is possible that it was the morphine. His system was exhausted by the shock and pain of his injury, and in that state the really small doses were relatively large ones. But then, the condition may also have been a natural sequence of the great irritation of the original injury. Extensive or severe injuries of the body or limbs frequently cause death in precisely this way, and the official of the Board of Health who said the doctor's statement of the cause of death was "too thin," merely exhibited the ignorance and vulgarity generally found in organizations of that sort.

French Finance in an American Aspect—Big Bonanzas Abroad.

A curious phenomenon may just now be observed in France, reminding us of many of the achievements of Jay Gould and men of his stamp in New York. It shows that, according to the old proverb, "history has a confirmed habit of repeating itself." Thus, a mania for speculation has seized upon the French precisely similar to that which has almost invariably followed unsuccessful wars and great national disasters in every country. We have glimpses of the same spirit in Germany and in our own Wall street advertisers. They may be compared, with perfect propriety, to those wild experiments which were contemporary with the Mississippi scheme of Law and the South Sea bubble, which ended so unluckily for Huntington and Craggs, not inaptly called "the most respectable public robbers of their time." A similar rash desire to make fortunes quickly and out of nothing was also felt by the French, soon after the battle of Waterloo, and by our own American people after the close of the great civil war on record. We are far from having recovered from the war panic now.

Paris, like New York with its Big Bonanzas, has lately become the meeting place of all the wild adventurers and speculators upon earth. Funds not worth a cent, Barataria fifty per cents, Utopian consols and Lunar bonds, Big Bonanzas shares of every description are bought up eagerly and resold at premiums which may well induce ignorant people unacquainted with the tricks of stock jobbers to believe that such securities really have a substantial value. They do believe it and will believe it till they find themselves utterly ruined. They always do. Suspicious and calm business men will, nine times in ten, throw aside a sure and slow government security for a Pacific Big Bonanza. It is therefore high time to call attention to the present state of the Paris money market, because already the warning note of disaster has been heard, and we may suffer in New York from sympathy. A Swiss house has recently given the first signal of the coming crash, and more recently another firm failed for two million five hundred thousand dollars. The causes which imperil the general solvency of Paris credit may at any time be felt in New York.

In examining the causes which have led up to the existing state of things in France it is well to take into account the national character of the most brilliant and reckless people in the world. The French have all the precious foresight of the ant in the fable. They tell with a courage which has often something very beautiful, if not sublime, in its self-denial. They save and they hoard for their little earnings and meagre salaries to secure themselves an honorable provision for old age, to educate their sons and to dower their daughters. The habit of wise parsimony, so eminently French, has made their country a very granary of abundance. This is extremely attractive to the impetuous and offers an irresistible temptation to speculators of all denominations. It must be added that, although the French people have the art of making and of saving money, they have not always the fortitude necessary to keep it against the blandishments of well spoken persons and eloquent advertisements. The career of a Jay Gould is as possible in Paris as in New York. The French, like the Americans, are almost incredibly simple and easily persuaded by clever rogues. Their vagabond humor was especially excited by the law of 1867 respecting *les sociétés anonymes*. This was a liberal law indeed, but, in the condition of utter financial ignorance in which three-parts of the population are content to live, it does not sufficiently protect dupes against those sharp customers who are anxious to deceive them. Immediately after the war of 1870 there was a sort of halt in the steepchase of speculation. The promoters of bubble companies perceived that it would be no use to attempt to float them during the period of patriotic fervor which had absorbed the French nation. The one preoccupation of the national mind was to pay off the German indemnity and to free the soil of France from a foreign invader. It seemed, indeed, for an instant, as if the era of cosmopolitan speculation was over, and for some time there was no more unlikely place than Paris to raise money on a foreign loan.

But the French are a light-hearted people, and the wisdom of one day, however dearly purchased, gives no security against the imprudence of the next. They have the sanguine American temperament, and have a profound belief in to-morrow. Avarice, capidity, the desire to become rich without labor, soon reasserted their old spell over a vigorous and imaginative race. French funds went up to such a price that they ceased to be a satisfactory investment; and the prospect of a conversion of the five per cents also had its influence in keeping the smaller capitalists from flocking all together into the funds. From that period their eyes, ears and hands were at the service of any one who could invent a plausible tale. It was the era of the Big Bonanzas over again, the opportunity for a "financier" like Jay Gould. So, during the last six months all sorts of baseless monetary schemes have succeeded each other with alarming rapidity. The very rubbish of the Stock Exchange, which was supposed to have been long since given over to contempt and oblivion, suddenly reappeared before the public with jumps and bounds quite marvellous. Innumerable as every situation in a nation's annals is sure to bring forth some individuality which personifies and symbolizes it, the great M. Philippart is the Jay Gould of France. He is a gentleman of the Belgian nation and an enterprising character, which has recently developed itself in a remarkable manner. Very little was known of M. Philippart till recently, and he has taken the French, as it were, by surprise and enchantment. In the same meteoric fashion Jay Gould took possession of New York. Something, however, was known of Philippart, and tradition relates that he was a petty contractor who had laid down or helped to lay down some small branch railway, and that he acted the part of a satellite to the planet Pereira. Lately, however, he has decided that he will be a planet himself, and he, too, has

satellites in considerable number. Some of them, indeed, are said to be among the most influential officials of the Third Republic. There was a story, which is of course untrue, that one of them received twelve hundred thousand francs for floating around M. Philippart, so that it is possibly a good business. M. Philippart is chairman, president or manager of at least a quarter of a hundred public companies, the most part of which has something to do with the railways, and he aspires to succeed the late Mr. Hudson as railway king of Europe, just as Jay Gould would be railway king of America. His view of life at the present moment seems to be that mankind has an urgent want of a roundabout means of communication between St. Etienne, in the Department of the Loire, and some unknown place in Belgium, which M. Philippart will introduce to their notice at a future day. Persons (they are not numerous) who desire to proceed by tortuous methods from St. Etienne to undecided points in Belgium may have opportunities of doing so. They may go by way of St. Petersburg or Naples. There is likewise a direct means of going from St. Etienne to any part of Belgium, and people of ordinary intelligence do not at once perceive the necessity of other communications being offered to confuse their choice. M. Philippart, however, is a great man, and he is quite clear that the first thing now to be done under the sun is to give the people of St. Etienne, whomsoever they may be, an opportunity of going in a roundabout way to some locality in Flanders or Brabant. So are the shareholders associated with him in that promising undertaking.

In order to realize this and other projects of equal magnificence and utility M. Philippart has invested part of his fortune in eighty thousand shares of a popular institution and obligingly caused himself to be named President of the Crédit Mobilier, which is the very fortress and stronghold of French speculation, whence has issued, full armed for conquest, three-fourths of the terrible speculations of late years, including the Transatlantic Company and the Spanish Crédit Mobilier. There seems but one crook at present in the lot of M. Philippart, but it is certainly not an awkward one. The spirit and variety of his enterprises have unaccountably caused the Versailles Parliament to take fright, and they have hastily voted the urgency of discussing a law tending to prevent strangers of property appointing themselves presidents of French public companies. Should this law take effect it might materially interfere with the spirit and enterprise of M. Philippart, at least among the French people; but it is said in whispers that no law disagreeable to M. Philippart is likely to pass, and that in the instance above-mentioned even the project of a law which might discomfort him has been referred to a committee of fourteen members of Parliament, eleven of whom are, well, perhaps it is most polite to call them, satellites of the new planet. We shall watch the career of this French Jay Gould with interest, and see how long our Parisian friends will submit to a domination like that which Jay Gould has imposed upon New York.

The King Real Estate Transfers.

We publish to-day a record of the real estate operations of ex-Comptroller Connolly and Mr. Peter B. Sweeney, ex-Chamberlain and ex-President of the Park Department, of the city of New York. We make these publications as a part of the history of the transactions of the democratic leaders who were associated with the city government in the days of the old Ring, and not with the intention of implying that all the purchases and sales recorded are of an illegitimate character. By the side of the gigantic operations of Tweed and the reckless sales and transfers made by him in the latter part of 1871, when the corrupt practices of the Ring had been exposed, the speculations of Messrs. Connolly and Sweeney do not appear to have been extraordinarily large. Still it seems that Mr. Sweeney between 1864 and 1871 invested over one million and a quarter dollars in real estate, a large portion of his purchases having been made in association with Mr. Hugh Smith, an extensive and shrewd operator and real estate agent. It also appears that Mr. Sweeney retains in his own hands and in his own name all the property he bought with the exception of apparently *bona fide* sales, almost all made prior to 1871. The only important sale made by Mr. Sweeney in that year was the one-fifth share in the Sixty-ninth and Seventieth street and Madison and Fourth avenue block to Mr. Thomas Murphy. As over one million dollars' worth of real estate now stands in Mr. Sweeney's name the city could have no difficulty in enforcing any claim it might have against the property.

Although the purchases of real estate by ex-Comptroller Connolly appear to have been small, so far as they can be traced, he was possessed of a considerable amount in 1871. Between 1864 and 1868 no operations are found recorded in his name. Between 1868 and 1871 his purchases are under two hundred thousand dollars. In the latter part of the year 1871 and the commencement of 1872 Mr. Connolly sold all his property, the purchasers having been mainly Mr. Joel A. Fishman, to the amount of two hundred and thirty thousand dollars; Mr. Robert C. Hutchings, sixty-seven thousand dollars; Mr. Thomas Murphy, forty-seven thousand five hundred dollars; Mr. W. C. Wetmore, twenty-eight thousand dollars, besides other small buyers. The only property Mr. Connolly transferred for nominal considerations are one house on Thirty-eighth street, near Sixth avenue, to a daughter, for "one dollar and love and affection," and one on the same street, near Lexington avenue, to his son, for ten dollars. If Mr. Connolly should be sued under the new law the legality of the sales and transfers in 1871-72 will, of course, be contested.

FRIENDS OF PEACE and humanity will be glad to learn that the German army, which only numbered 1,329,600 men, can by the process of a new law be made to reach 1,600,000 men. The French have only 1,089,400 men, but hope to do better. How much more advantageous to civilization if these two and a half millions of men now arming to cut each other's throats could be safely transplanted into some of our States—Texas or Kansas or Virginia—where they could work and live and raise children and be a blessing to mankind!

An Explanation of the Pre-eminence Accorded to Lexington.

By Americans, whose local pride is not enlisted by residence in Lexington or Concord, the important events of April 19, 1775, are regarded as a connected whole, and all the fighting of that memorable day as parts of the same transaction. The best part of the fighting was neither at Lexington nor at Concord, but along the route of the redcoats, in their precipitate retreat to Boston. The greater part of the seventy-three British soldiers killed on that day and of the one hundred and seventy-four wounded, fell on the road in the course of the retreat. It was not merely the patriotic yeomanry of Concord and Lexington, but of ten or twelve neighboring towns that participated in the honor of inflicting disaster and disgrace on the redcoats. Each of those towns is entitled to its share of grateful remembrance of the noble part acted on that eventful day. If that section of Massachusetts had not been divided into townships the centennial of April 19, 1775, would be equally worthy of celebration; and, in that case, the selection of the spot would not have been embarrassed by local rivalry. As the patriots who hung upon and harassed the retreating foe did not lose more than one or two of their number at any one point, the range of selection would have been confined to one of two places—either the place where the first American blood was spilled or the place where the first British soldiers fell. The first American blood was shed on Lexington green, and the first British soldiers fell at the Concord bridge. But if these two points had been embraced in a single township, so that local pride and rivalry would have been out of the question, the controversy among its citizens would have been between the site of the bridge and the green. But on what principle would it have been decided? On the ground of personal bravery the claims are equal; for although the patriots at Lexington dispersed and fled and those at Concord stood their ground, it must be remembered that on the Lexington green they numbered only seventy or eighty, while at Concord they were four hundred and fifty, with numbers constantly increasing. If the decision were to turn on the number of martyrs, the advantage would be on the side of Lexington, where eight Americans were killed and ten wounded, whereas in the affair at Concord only two Americans were killed and one wounded. Such honors, so far as they relate to the mere selection of a place, are often governed by a respect for the memory of martyrs. Bunker Hill Monument, for example, is erected on the spot where Warren fell, although he served in that engagement only as a private soldier. Altogether more martyrs to liberty fell at Lexington on the 19th of April than at any other spot, and, on the principle of consecrating the ashes of those who have died for their country, Lexington is entitled to the precedence; but if awarded to vigor of resistance to the British arms it as clearly belongs to Concord.

However these local claims and this question of fitness may be ultimately decided, it is true as a historical fact that the chief honor of that day has heretofore been accorded to Lexington by the most accomplished historians of our country and by traditional popular sentiment. It has been the constant practice of our orators to link the name of Lexington with the 19th of April. As one example out of thousands we cite the following sentence of the speech of Mr. Evarts at the great meeting in Union square after the fall of Sumner:—"When Providence puts together the 19th of April, 1775, when the first blood was shed at Lexington, and the 19th of April when the first blood was shed at Baltimore, I tell you it means something." The fact that Lexington rather than Concord has always been associated with that day by our historians, orators and people—even if it has been done by mistake—requires some intelligent explanation. The explanation will not seem difficult to those who are acquainted with the first sources of our history. It is idle to cite later historians or anything but original documents on disputed points. Now, in regard to the events of April 19, 1775, the authentic fountain head of information is the records of the Massachusetts Provincial Congress on April 26, 1775—just one week after the transactions. Benjamin Franklin was at that time the agent in England of the Colony of Massachusetts. Immediately after the events which are to be commemorated on Monday the Provincial Congress assembled at Watertown, and within a week it had prepared an authentic account to be despatched to Franklin, in London, accompanied with an address to the people of Great Britain, with instructions to Franklin to circulate both the address and the evidence through every town in England. The evidence consisted of affidavits, twenty-two in number, by eye-witnesses of the transactions. Of those twenty-two affidavits seventeen were dated at Lexington, two at Concord, one at Lincoln, one at Worcester and one at Medford. This simple statement shows how greatly Lexington overshadowed and eclipsed all the other places in the estimation of responsible actors who were nearest to the event. That great array of affidavits, prepared within a week, related chiefly to the affair at Lexington, which was placed by the Massachusetts Provincial Congress in the foreground of the picture. And it remained in the foreground ever afterward until Concord began to question its title to such prominence. But fairness requires us to consider the purpose with which those documents were prepared. Their chief aim was to show that the British troops had committed a wanton and unprovoked aggression against the colonists, and to rouse public indignation by proving that the soldiers had shed innocent blood. The affidavits did not dispute that the patriots at Lexington had fired on the British soldiers, but they one and all affirmed that not an American trigger was pulled until the British had first fired. The Provincial Congress sought to prove that the British troops were guilty of an unprovoked massacre, and this was their reason for concentrating attention on Lexington, where the contest commenced. The pre-eminence given to Lexington in that view has been continued down to our own times; and if the testimony taken at the time and on the spot was colored it was not colored to magnify, but to underline, the resistance of the patriots at that place. The documents lie before us, but we have no space for quota-

tions at present. They are the original sources of information, and if we should feel moved to sum up the evidence when this controversy has run its course it may be necessary to quote from them liberally to sustain our views.

Repeat While There Is Time.

We trust that our republican friends, especially those like General John Cochrane, who are sitting on the fence, and those who like Speaker Blaine have been looking through the bars with one foot on the lower rail, will not be unmindful of the lessons taught by the canvass in Connecticut. If our readers have studied the tone of what is called the "independent" press for the last two years they will discover that nothing is more calculated to give a politician reputation than to abandon his politics as a republican and become a democrat. In England, where there is a parliamentary form of government, it is a question of honor for a man to stand by the side of his party. When, during the discussion of the Reform bill, there was a little secession, the edging off from their party of a few liberals, headed by Robert Lowe, and the consequent forming of the party of the "Cave of Adullam," the action was a matter of reproach. From this reproach they have not yet recovered. When Mr. Lowe was suggested as a proper successor to Mr. Gladstone as the leader of the liberal party it was made a fatal objection that he had been disloyal to his political friends. But in America we adopt a new rule. So long as a republican remains true to his party he is a "beef-eater," an "organ-grinder," a postmaster, a stipendiary, a believer in the third term, a "creature" of Grant's. The moment that he begins to question the authority of the President and the party he becomes a "liberal and enlightened statesman."

Now that Connecticut has determined the probable aspects of the canvass for the Presidency why should not our hesitating republican politicians and beef-eaters leap the fence and become statesmen at once? Take the case of Governor Dorsheimer, for instance, as an example of the value of this transformation. Four or five years ago Governor Dorsheimer was District Attorney, under a republican administration, in Buffalo. He was then simply "Bill" Dorsheimer, "Grant's beef-eater," a "stipendiary," and so on. But "Bill" Dorsheimer became dissatisfied with President Grant—especially after his removal from office—and in process of time was the successful democratic candidate for the office he now holds. Consequently, Lieutenant Governor Dorsheimer is now a full grown statesman in possession of the ruddiest facilities, the "successor of De Witt Clinton," the "rising hope of the honest men of the democratic party." Ten years ago Carl Schurz was denounced throughout the country as a raving German, a hot-headed radical, who believed in socialism, negro suffrage, and in introducing into America the disintegrating ideas of communism and internationalism. Mr. Schurz in time differed with the republican party, and lo! he has become the successor of Sumner, of Gallatin, of Hamilton—a great statesman! When Andrew Johnson was a republican and resolved to "make treason odious" he was denounced as a drunken renegade, a Tennessee tailor; but immediately Andy Johnson saw the constitution shining before him, like the cross in the sky, he became also a statesman, and he is now the "successor of Jackson" and of Jefferson, the leader of the highest thought of the country. Look at Fenton, the republican, who, as Governor, was accused of being the ally of the Tammany Ring, of signing tax levies and of being at the beck and call of Tweed and Sweeney. But a new light fell upon the Governor, and he is now the leader of "the reform movement" in the State. And so we might recite instances, taking Chase, Trumbull, McClure, down the list, to show that in every case where a republican has abandoned his party and become either a democrat or a half-democrat the transformation has made him, in the eyes of the independent journalists of the country, as pure as though his sins had been washed with hyssop and he had become as white as snow.

Therefore, men and brethren of the republican party, you who would have a good name, repeat while there is time! There is hope for all of you! Why should not General Butler, for instance, have a spirit of "awakening" and become the great reformer of Massachusetts? Or why should not ex-Collector Tom Murphy, the boss of twenty Custom House rings, if we may believe the opposition press, also have a sense of quickening and become a leader of the "unshackled republicans" against the corruptions of the administration? Now is the time, and Connecticut points the way! Those who are on the fence had better leap over.

There will be music in the air at Tammany Hall on Monday evening.

HON. C. M. SCHIEFFELIN, a member of the Assembly from Westchester, does himself credit by declining to accept a pass from Mr. Vanderbilt over the New York Central Railroad. We commend Mr. Schieffelin to this action. No gentleman who has a seat in the Legislature can afford to accept a free pass from a railroad. In fact, we do not see how a gentleman can take a free pass under any circumstance. This deadhead business is only a meaner form of alms-seeking, and a gentleman can never be a beggar.

THE BRYANT TESTIMONIAL.—Dan Bryant, the genial, gifted actor, who made New York his debtor for many a pleasant hour, left behind him a large and interesting family wholly unprovided for. With characteristic generosity his brother professionals have resolved to come to the rescue and save the children of their departed friend from the pangs of poverty. It has been resolved that a series of performances will be given on the 29th of this month at all the leading theatres, with the object of creating a fund for the benefit of the deceased minstrel's family. There can be little doubt that the public will co-operate heartily in the work of helping the orphan children of Dan Bryant. The money raised by these benefits will be placed in the hands of prominent financiers to be invested for the benefit of the family, and we hope that the sum realized will be worthy of a generous and large-hearted city like New York.

MRS. SWISHELM, as one of the stars of the Beecher case, declines against kissing at random, as among the corroding evils of our society.

Sad News from Mexico.

We shall mistake the temper of our people, no matter their faith, if they do not read with indignation and horror the report furnished to the Navy Department from Acapulco by Captain Queen, commanding the United States steamer Serrano. As our readers may remember, there have been out of the happiness and even the lives of American citizens. Stories of these acts have come to us from time to time in a vague way. Now we have an official report. From it we learn that the former narratives were in no way exaggerated. A Presbyterian mission was established in Acapulco under the care of Rev. H. H. Hutchinson. This mission soon embraced sixty-eight members, mainly natives. While the members were at their devotions, one day in January, a party of Mexicans made an assault upon them. Shot were fired. Three men and one woman were killed and eleven men wounded. One of those killed was an American citizen, a native of Boston. The missionary, by advice of the American Consul, fled to San Francisco. There is a charge that the Catholic curate instigated the assault. But this is not a credible story. Nothing has been done to punish the offenders, and the Governor of the State has been petitioned to expel the Protestants.

The facts stand out that an American clergyman has been banished from Mexico and an American layman murdered in a Mexican town because of their religion, and that Mexico has made no atonement. Nothing is clearer than that the American, wherever he goes, has the right to worship God as he pleases. Our missionaries have a right to the protection of our flag. We cannot submit to their massacre. If it should appear that there has been wanton murder in Acapulco, then our people, Protestants and Catholics, will demand summary redress. The freedom we give to all creeds we must demand for our citizens. Unless Acapulco explains and atones for this outrage she should feel the quality of our guns. General Grant should send three or four of our best ships to Acapulco without delay, and either receive satisfaction or take it.

WE ALLUDED the other day to the interference of the British in St. Domingo as one of the reasons for the entire elimination of American influence from that beautiful and interesting island. It now seems that the British have appeared at Port au Prince to demand from Hayti the payment of certain sums due to British subjects. The British contend that these sums amount to a half million, while the Haytiens aver that fifty thousand dollars would pay all that is honestly due.

PERSONAL INTELLIGENCE.

Professor E. Loomis, of New Haven, is staying at the St. Nicholas Hotel.

Mr. William Beas, of the Boston Post, is among the late arrivals at the Windsor Hotel.

Yoshida Kijonari, Japanese Minister at Washington, is enjoining, at the St. Nicholas Hotel.

Senator George S. Boutwell, of Massachusetts, is residing temporarily at the Fifth Avenue Hotel.

Mr. Robert C. Carr, President of the Kansas Pacific Railway Company, is at the Fifth Avenue Hotel.

Senator Cameron's party, which reached Jacksonville, Fla., the other day, has gone to St. Augustine.

British gratitude! They have perverted the letters of "Moody and Sankey" into "Many sad donkeys-o."

Captain Buckman, United States Consul at Ottawa, Ont., has been transferred to a similar post at Morrisburg.

Mr. George Worthington, United States Consul at Ghent, Belgium, has taken up his residence at the St. Nicholas Hotel.

Judge William J. Wallace, of the United States Court for the Northern District of New York, has arrived at the Hoffman House.

On April 2d Marshal MacMahon received the Order of the Golden Fleece from the Marquis de Molins, the Spanish Ambassador.

Congressman James G. Blaine and family were at the Hoffman House last evening, on the way from Washington to their home in Maine.

Eyre & Spottiswoode, the English printers, will produce a copy of the Bible with all the proper names accented to show the pronunciation.

They have just put up in Paris a statue of Jean d'Arc, which was in fact made originally as a statue of the Prince Imperial, and is very like him.

Mme. Batzatti carried her *femme de chambre* with the theft of jewelry, but the woman proved her innocence. She then sued Mme. Batzatti for damages and gained the case.

Comptroller Nelson H. Hopkins, Assemblyman James C. Brown and H. W. Vosburgh and Mr. Wheeler H. Bristol arrived from Albany last evening at the Metropolitan Hotel.

The London *athenaeum* laments at a writer who once called a revolver a "pistol with many barrels." The writer in the *athenaeum*, therefore, never saw a revolver of the "pepper pot" pattern.

All fashionable and diplomatic Paris was lately gathered in one place to witness the signing of the contract of marriage between the son of Prince Galitzin and the daughter of the Duke de Chabouss.

It will regulated monarchies it is not only necessary to have in hand an occupant of the throne, but also an heir to the throne; and in Spain the latter office appears to devolve on the Countess Gergenti, Alfonso's sister.

The French authorities have refused to put on the walls of the "Bastille" the picture of a distinguished painter, because it presents an episode of the war, and is likely to excite painful thoughts and political passions, "to which art should be a stranger." New views of art and historical pictures.

They were, perhaps, pretty full at bedtime, and one of them was sure he could never sleep without a window open. But they couldn't open the window, so they broke out two panes of glass, had plenty of fresh air and slept splendidly. In the morning they found they had broken two panes in the bookcase.

Paris *Figaro* has this "answer to correspondents":—"A note, written by a female hand, asks us why, in polite society, etiquette allows a lady to visit with her veil on? I really do not know, madame; but I would bet it is the ugly ones who act the fashion, and that it is the pretty women who make inquiries about it."